EXPLORER WISSMANN.

Many Consider His Achievements Second Only to Stanley's.

Reichskommissar Herman Wissmann was born in 1853 at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. From his earliest youth he had a great desire to travel, and devoured all the books he could find about foreign countries. In 1873 he entered the German army, but the life of a soldier did not satisfy him, and he still dreamed of travels. A few years later he met Dr. Pogge, and, having heard from that celebrated explorer about the lands that remained to be explored in Central Africa, he offered his services to the Afrikanische Gesellschaft in Berlin, which was then organizing an expedition to Central Africa. He was promised the post of geographer to the expedition if he could get leave of absence from his military duties; and, this having been granted he set out with Dr. Pogge for Africa in 1880. He returned to Germany in 1883, and was welcomed as the first German who had ever crossed the Dark Continent.

Towards the close of the same year he was chosen to lead an expedition at the expense of the King of the Belgians, the object of which was to discover the basin of the river Congo. He returned to Africa, and there on the way between Dondo and Malange, met his old friend Dr. Pogge, who had suffered untold hardships in the interior, and who was reduced to a mere skeleton. Dr. Pogge died in Paulo de Loanda in 1884, to the great grief of Captain Wissmann. The two men loved one another like brothers, and had the same interests. After Dr. Pogge's death, Captain Wissmann led the expedition to the Congo and discovered the basin of the river. But he broke down in health, and was obliged to go to Madeira, where he spent two months in idleness.

In 1887 he returned to Germany, and in the following year he was made Commander of the Schutzruppen, or rather he received commands to organize an army of black soldiers, in order to drive the Arabs away from the German colonies on the east coast of Africa. He arrived in Zanzibar in March, 1889, with a staff of fifty Germans, and from that time till May, 1890, he has been engaged in quieting the coast and in carrying fear into the hearts of Arab leaders. Before his arrival the Arabs said that the Germans were "wadogo dogo," namely, of no importance; but now they seem to think differently.

On the fifth of last December, it will be remembered, Major Wissmann received Stanley and Emin Pasha at Bagamayo, and it was at the dinner which he gave in their honor that Emin Pasha fell out of the window.

The Germans are very proud of Major Wissmann, and think him only second to Stanley. He has been made Major and Reichskommissar by the Kaiser, and further honors are said to be in store for him. But his health is shattered, and it will probably be some time before he can return to Africa.—Pall Mall Gazette.

EVOLUTION OF DRESS.

The Present Dress of Woman the Remains of the Old Roman Toga.

The desire of dress has led men to look high and low for material. The Hindoos, though far advanced in many of the arts of civilization, on certain religious festivals take to the woods and cool themselves with leaves. Though bark would seem to be a most unpleasant and undesirable material for clothing, yet it is used by many wild races. In the Polynesian Islands are trees called lace-bark trees. From the inside bark of this tree they make a very serviceable piece of cloth. Matting is a step further on in dress. This is the time when he had progressed so far as to weave fibers together. It is the beginning of weaving, and is far ahead of bark cloth, or skirts. The Fijis have the finest class of matting in the world, which is made from the new seal and flax. Four years of labor are taken by these people in making a single war cloak.

There are some races who make fine feather garments. There are two feather mantels now in the country—one in New York, the other in Washington—made in the Sandwich Islands, which are valued at $1,000 each. By means of an assistant he showed the audience how the blanket developed from a girdle, and how our modern dress developed from the blanket. There was a time when the toga of the Greeks and Romans was the customary dress. These were driven out by the close-fitting garments of the North. To-day the dress of the women is the remains of the old Roman toga, and men's dress the survival of the garments of the North. The dress suit, swallow tail coat, of to-day is the remains of the times when men rode horseback a great deal more than now. The tails were cut away in order to facilitate ease and grace in riding, and a piece left as a reminder of what was. Two buttons and loops were placed on it so it might be hitched up, and these survive until this day.—From Frederick Starr's Chautauqua Lecture.

The Right Man for the Place.

The Prince of Wales, Justin McCarthy says in the North American Review, is understood to be a great stickler for court etiquette. No one knows better the exact way in which every band and order and medal should be worn. He is very particular about good manners in Princes and Princesses, and I have heard that there is a near connection of his by marriage who is often lectured severely on the impropriety of losing his temper when giving directions to servants. The Prince is a social umpire of the utmost authority, and no end of personal disputes are settled satisfactorily by a reference to his good-natured and genial, but firm, counsel." Mr. McCarthy sums up his subject by saying: "I am not, myself, a great enthusiast about royalty or royal personages, but I must say that, seeing as we are to have an heir to the throne, I do not think we could find any one better able to do the business of the position than the Prince of Wales has shown [illegible] years."

A luminous buoy has been invented, the light of which is produced by phosphoretted calcium and is visible two [illegible]

LAKE STEAMBOATS.

They Are Models of Neatness, Comfort and Elegance.

"There is always room for improvement in the steamship business," said Captain John Singleton.

"Nowadays a passenger steamboat, to keep up with the times, must be a floating palace. The mere fact that it makes fast time is not sufficient. That is taken for granted. But the main thing now is to cater to the comfort of the passengers in every way. We must serve a fine table, and have every thing thereon that the market affords in its season. The expense of keeping up that department alone is no small feature of our bills. Instead of taking along a stock of provisions, like the ocean steamers, we buy provisions at every port, and consequently have every thing fresh and palatable. The boats are provided with the most approved style of refrigerators, and meats, etc., are taken from them as fresh as from the shop. The cooks are good ones and get good pay. They have assistants, of course, and on a first-class steamer to-day you can get a meal as good as at the finest hotel or cafe. The traveling people little know what time, money and care is spent in keeping up this department alone.

"Look at the boats themselves! Are they not models of neatness, comfort and elegance? Their appointments must be complete and first-class or people will not patronize them. They know that if one line doesn't run that kind of boats another does, and consequently travel falls off. Why, look at that new boat of ours—the Indiana. It eclipses any thing we ever owned, and yet we thought our other boats were fair steamers. And so they were, but we saw where improvements could be made, where better accommodations could be given to the passengers, and so we built the Indiana. But it won't be long before something else will be thought of, and other boats will appear that will be better yet; and so it goes. The great aim among steamship companies to-day is not so much to increase the speed as to have fine boats; and it is remarkable, even in this age of progress, to note the results. Steamers are being made regardless of expense and with a view to be little less than floating palaces. And yet they are not for the use of the rich only.

Another feature of the case is this: The boat has to go on a certain time whether there are many or few passengers. If there is a big load, well and good; but if not, the expense is not lessened in the least. All the preparations for a big load have been made, and the company is just that much out. There are the same number of men to be paid. There is the same amount of provisions to be paid for, and the cost of running the boat is not lessened in the least. There are about sixty men employed on first-class passenger boats, and receive salaries all the way from the $2,000 or $2,500 a year paid to the captain, to the deck hand who draws his $20 or $25 a month. It is true that sometimes we take out extra good lists. I remember one time last year we had 900 on one trip on the City of Racine. Such a list as that, though, is not an every-day occurrence, although I wish it were.

"Speaking of boats, did you ever know that Chicago is more of a port than it is generally credited for? It is said, and I believe statistics will prove my statement, that there are more arrivals and clearances at Chicago in one year than at Boston, New York and Philadelphia combined. That may sound big, but people have no idea of the number of vessels that are arriving and leaving Chicago."—Chicago News.

THE TOM'S RIVER CRAB.

He Was Without Doubt the John L. Sullivan of His Tribe.

One day early in the season I caught a couple of crabs in the inlet as specimens, and having put both in the same bottle I was treated to one of the prettiest fights you ever saw. The hint was too good to be lost, and for the last three weeks crab fighting has been the hobby at this quiet seaside resort. Every man, woman, boy and girl, almost without exception, has had his or her fighting crab, and the matches have been numerous and for blood. You can't put up a job with a crab. He goes in for a knockout, and he stays until the victory is awarded.

It's a funny thing about these ditch crabs. Take two from the same colony and they won't fight. Pick up one here, and go down the ditch a hundred feet and pick up a second, and they'll fight at the drop of the hat. The contests take place on the board walk or veranda. Your crab is carried to the scene in a bottle, and before being emptied out is shaken up to arouse his dander. The pair are no sooner dumped out than they clinch and the fun begins. There is no let up until one or the other turns tail. For many days a man from Buffalo had the John L. of crabs. He was no larger than many others, but he was a right and left-hander, and the way he did knock all comers out was a caution. I saw him win five straight matches in a single day and the gate money was $5 each time. At length a fellow came up from Tom's River to make a match. He also had a champion crab, and a match for $25 was soon arranged. It took place on the floor of a pavilion, with a hundred spectators present, and most of us backed our home crab for at least half a dollar.

When all were ready they were dumped out about ten inches apart, and each squared off at once. They were about of a size, and seemed to be of the same species, and we looked forward to at least fifty rounds. Alas! However, they were yet sparring for an opening when our Beach Haven crab suddenly turned tail and ran away. The other pursued him and mauled him all over the ring, and the referee decided against us. The Tom's River man coopered about $60 on that brief fight, and two hours later, when I found him alone on the sands, I asked him to give it away.

"For how much?" he queried.

"Say $5."

"Hand it over. Now, then, just before you bring your crab to the ring side dampen his claws with turpentine. The smart of it not only gets his mad up, but the smell scares the other crab out of the ring. Go then and lay for suckers."—N. Y. Sun.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Breakfast cocoa may be used in cooking in the place of chocolate; it gives as good results at less cost.

—It is recommended to mix stove blacking with spirits of turpentine, as it will then take off the rust, polish more easily and keep glossy longer than when water is used.

—Apple Snow.—Bake six good apples, take out the pulp, and when cold beat it thoroughly with the whites of three eggs and sugar enough to stiffen a little; serve with a boiled custard for a sauce.—Boston Budget.

—For the instant destruction of roaches, stir into a half-pint of hot paste a dime's worth of phosphorus, adding, when cool, a quarter the bulk of grease. This should be placed where they frequent, and they will die while eating it.

—Spiced Peaches.—Seven pounds of fruit, one pint of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, two ounces of cinnamon, one-half ounce cloves. Scald all together and pour over the fruit. Let stand twenty-four hours, pour off, scald, and let stand another twenty-four hours. Boil all together until fruit is tender. Set away in jars in a cool place.—Housekeeper.

—A Good Breakfast Dish.—Take some of the light bread dough which is ready for molding into loaves, roll out half an inch thick, cut into small squares and fry to a nice brown in boiling fat like dough nuts. These are good to eat with meats, also with sirup, or sugar and cream, as one prefers, and are very little trouble to make.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—To Preserve Pineapple.—Remove all the skin and eyes, cut in pieces from the core and chop rather fine. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of pineapple, mix the sugar and pineapple well together, and let it remain overnight. In the morning pour off the sirup and let it boil fifteen minutes; then add the fruit, and cook until transparent. Put in air-tight jars and keep in a cool place.—Boston Herald.

—Coffee is far more delicious when made with eggs than it is without. One egg to a teacupful of ground coffee is about the right proportion for a rich extract, but less than this can be easily used by adding a teacupful of cold water to a well-beaten egg and using enough of this mixture to thoroughly wet the coffee. Beat an egg well, add two tablespoonfuls of cold milk; pour this mixture into a pint of boiling milk, let scald but not boil. Try this when you have no cream for breakfast coffee.

—Veal Soup.—Wash the knuckle, put it into a saucepan with three pints of cold water and a level tablespoonful of salt. Simmer for one hour and a half. Then remove the knuckle, cut off all the meat and put it aside. Restore the bones to the kettle. Add to the broth two or three sprigs of parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and the same of celery salt. Stir either one rounded teaspoonful of cornstarch or two of flour into a cupful of sweet milk, add this and half a gill of granulated tapioca, or rice. Let the soup boil slowly for one hour and a half longer, making three hours in all. Remove the bones before serving.—Good Housekeeping.

WHERE STYLES ORIGINATE.

The Real Dress Designers Are Very Often Obscure Artists.

"Do you know how the great modistes get their new ideas?" said a prominent buyer recently in a talk about gowns. "No? Well, let me tell you that not one-half of the charming creations attributed to Worth, Redfern and all the rest of them have ever been designed by those famous fashion leaders. What they do is to buy the ideas of obscure women who have no chance to introduce them as their own. This is how it is done: Some small dress maker or milliner who has no money or fashionable trade tries to eke out a living in an out-of-the-way locality in Paris, perhaps. She has artistic ideas.

"In fancy she sees some exquisite creation of silk and lace that would grace the beauty of a Cleopatra, but the queen of hearts does not come her way, and how from her humble store shall she bring into being that vision of her mind? It may be a new design for a hat that comes to her, but how shall she offer it to the world? What grande dame will give an order to the poor little worker in a back street? Without money, without a great name among fashionable folk, without customers for such fine things, what can she do? This she can do—she can sell her artistic dreams to some one who is able to introduce them as styles.

"Forthwith she sets out to call upon Mme. ——, we will say, whose reputation is, as you know, wonderful. The unknown artist explains her ideas to the famous modiste; perhaps she shows some little model of her design contrived with the poor bits she could muster. 'A good idea' muses madame. 'How beautiful that would look on the Princess, and in golden crepe how like a dream would any lovely blonde appear! Oh, yes; that is a good idea.' Madame accepts the design, chooses the material of which it shall be made, the color, etc., and gives her order for the costume, or whatever it may be. When it is made it is brought to Mme ——'s establishment, where it is displayed as one of her new 'creations.' The real artist is paid perhaps three times the value of the making and must be content with that. The house that brings it out will probably send a copy of the design to every other store of consequence in the world, and may make a fortune out of this one style.

"Women rave over Worth's dresses as if all that comes from his place was better than any thing else. They pay extravagent prices for his 'ideas,' but what they often get is the creation of some unknown artist whom they would never condescend to notice. As for Worth himself, he has hardly been inside his establishment for fifteen years. This I know to be a fact for I am well acquainted with all of those artists and know just how they manage these things. Pingat, I must say, is an exception to the rule. He works hard, and is himself a practical designer."—Chicago Tribune.